THE GHOST IN THE SEDAN-CHAIR.

An Old-Fashioned Girl Tells a Story of the Real True Love that Is No More.

ONCE SWEETHEARTS WERE ADORED.

But the Half-Man Girl of the Present Day Has Taken All Sentiment Out of Life.

By MARIE CORELLI.

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CHAPTER I. The Old Fashioned Girl.

It is a very old Sedan-Chair,-"gen rine old"-not the manufactured antiquity of the second-hand dealer. I bought it for very little money at a

sale of the furniture and effects of a historical manor-house, and though much was told me about the manorhouse itself, nobody could tell me any thing about the chair. It might have always belonged to the manor,-and again it might not. It was cumbrous,and in these days, said the brisk auc tioneer who was intrusted with the sale

True. Yet somehow I took a singular fancy to it. I did not really want it,and yet I felt I must have it. My wish was very easily gratified, for no one competed with me in the bidding for such an out-of-date piece of property.

It was knocked down to me at a small figure, and in the course of a few days took up a corner in my drawing-room, style of that apartment, it looked, and still looks, quite at home.

It has taken kindly to its surrounda tall vase within it, so that the sprays an air of graceful petulance: push out their pink flowers through the "Dear me! Now I have told you who

y to make sure I was not dreamingooked again, and there-there, as dis tinctly as the Chair itself, I saw Some-One sitting inside-a very fascinating Some-One with a fair face, a bewilder

dressed in the most becoming little low necked muslin frock imaginable! "Why!" I stammered. "Who-what-how dd you get in there?" The Some-One smiled, and looked

ing tangle of golden curls, blue eyes

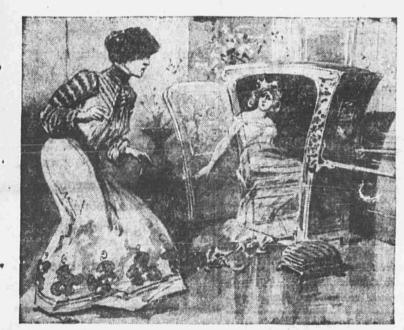
cheeks and dancing dimples

more bewitching than ever. "I am very often in here!" replied a

soft voice, "only I am not always in the humor to make myself visible. I am the Ghost of an Old-Fashloned Girl!" I stared at the lovely spectre, stricker dumb, not by fear, but by admiration. "If all ghosts were like this one," thought, "we really cannot have too many of them about, especially at Christmas-time!"

It was such a charming ghost! so un like the usual sort of creeping-shivery where, owing to the sixteenth century thing which is supposed to haunt old houses and frighten harmless children! It had such beautiful clear eyes,-such a radiant smile!-and such a pretty ings, and in spring-time, when we set pout came on the rosy lips when, re-the first blossoms of the almond-tree in ceiving no answer, it suddenly said with

THE GHOST.



"WHY," I STAMMERED, "WHO-WHAT-HOW DID YOU GET IN THERE?"

faint vice:

"Oh, is that it? The Sedan-Chair"-

us have a little chat in the firelight,

What a sweet voice this Ghost had to

I could not resist the appealing, half

ppened the door of the Sedan-Chair and

showed me her entire self, dressed ap-

Her white muslin frock was simply

hemmed at the bottom, and had three

little tucks in it-she wore small low

openwork white stockings-her pretty

ounded arms were veiled, but not dis-

But all this extreme simplicity only

"Well!" said the Ghost after a pause

narrow strip of blue ribbon.

pose a love-sonnet immediately.

how do you like me?"

window-holes, it presents an almost I am, you don't seem a bit glad to see

what ornately glided, but the gold is world! But you would buy my Chair!—
tarnished save in one or two small corand of course I like to come and sit in it

"He's very well, thank you!" said the
Ghost of the Old-Fashioned Girl. "Quite ners at the carved summit of the door, and the leather is badly rubbed and

Inside it is in somewhat better condition. It is lined with crimson silk stuff, patterned with a gold fleur-de-lys; and

the cushions are still comfortable. The door has a wonderfully contrived brass catch and handle, really worth the attention of a connoisseur in such mine when I lived in the world and went course we have always loved each other things, and when it is shut some skill is about in it to balls and parties, you required to open it again. In fact you know! I can't help having a little tenderness for it, because it is so very must "know the trick of it" as they say.

There were great ructions one after-There were great ructions one arter on earth. Now please don't stand looking on you don't!" said the Gnost of the noon when a "smart" man, down for on earth. Now please don't stand looking old-Fashioned Girl quickly; "though the day from London, entered the chair, at me so strangely! Sit down, and let sat in it, and banged that door to on himself. He smiled happily for a few won't you?" minutes, and waved his hand condescendingly through the window-holes to a group of admiring friends,-but when way of looking and speaking! he tried to get out and could not, his smile promptly vanished. His friends playful glances of her eyes, so I obeyed laughed,-and that irritated him; he was her suggestion and went back to my being made ridiculous, and no man can seat by the fire, whereupon the Ghost endure a joke which affects his amour- of the Old-Fashioned Girl straightway

I was hastily called for to set him at liberty, and as I did the old chair parently for a Christmas party. creaked, as much as to say, "I told you Can't abide your modern young

man!" I was thinking of this incident the shoes with elastics crossed over fine other evening, when sitting by a sparkling fire of pine logs, and watching the flames reflected in the shining copper guised, by black lace mittens, and her projections of the open Tudor grate.

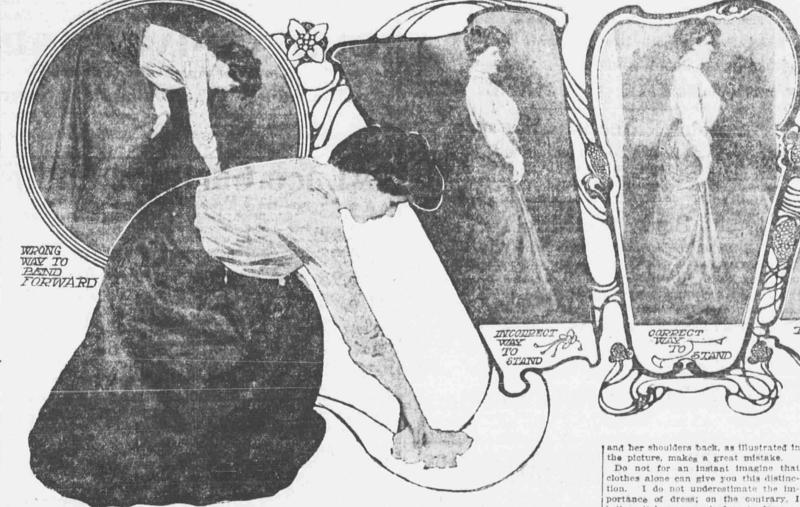
toward the chair "We must fill it with bright holly for Christmas," I said to myself half aloud; her lovely neck and shoulders, which "and hang just one little bunch of mis- rose out of the little muslin bodice like tletoe tled with white ribbon over the sculptured snow, and one little wicked door, for the sake of all the pretty we- knot of violets fastened with a quaint men who may have been carried in it pearl brooch against the beautiful

The pine logs spluttered and crackled, anchorite forget his prayers and comone fell apart and leaped into a flame, and the gleam and flicker of it caught at 'the remaining bits of gold on the carving of the chair, and lit up its faded crimson lining, and as I sat quietly look- "I have never seen any one so pretty as the dear old homes of our childhood the dear old homes of our childhood ing at it in a sort of idle abstraction you are in my life!"
and reverie, it seemed to me as though The Ghost of the Old-Fashioned Girl

of series. How to Have Style and Distinction.

By HARRIET HUBBARD AYER.

WOMEN DON'T KNOW HOW TO STAND.



Every one knows at least one woman | old, when I first began to stand on my | of whom it is always said:

"She looks well in anything. vomen of each of whom it may be truthfully said:

"No matter what she puts on she never looks well-dressed. Of course, some women are deficien

I know fat women who will wear stripes running round the figure, flat in clothes constructed on an opposite

But the object of this article is to mpress upon you the fact that no mater how elaborately dressed you may e, even in the latest fashion:

If you do not know how to carry yourself, how to stand and walk, you but as badly dressed.

The woman who looks well no matter

with a perfectly poised body.

She who knows how to stand cor-

stand, as I have been getting on without her assistance since I was a year other one.

I am gone-there is one very deep pocket just behind my head under a big golden fleur-de-lys. My first real pro-

"And did you accept it?" "Yes," said the Ghostof the Old-Fash-ioned Girl, smiling, "and he and I were me! You ought to be, you know!-for I It is made of polished wood and am quite a harmless Ghost-really I am! married, and lived fifty years together! "Dear me!" I ejaculated. "And he "He's very well, thank you!" said the now and then, and think about old as young as when I first met him,-and

osal was put in that!"

so am I!"

I began to recover myself from the I had no words ready with which to shock of surprise the fascinating ap- reply to this astonishing statement. The cearance had given me, and I said in a Ghost of the Old-Fashioned Girl folded up her little fan and pressed its tip meditatively against her lips.

"Is mine!" said the Ghost of the Old-Fashioned Girl; "or rather it used to be said with emphasis, "and so of she said with emphasis, "and she she she she And as a natural result we shall always love each other!"

"Yes,-I understand"-I murmured closely associated with my happy life vaguely.

perhaps I shouldn't say that, because it ounds rude,-but I am afraid, you know, that you don't quite see the be sure! What a delightfully coaxing point! The world has lost a number of way of looking and speaking! and one of these good things is real, true love!'

"I don't think you should say that!" replied warmly; "I am sure people lov each other quite as much as they ever

The Ghost of the Old-Fashioned Gir shook her fan at me. "Not a bit of it!" she declared. "You

know they don't-so don't pretend they I was silent. I felt that it was per haps not advisable to enter into argument with a visitor who knew the se-

crets of the next world. "They can't love each other as they waist was quite carelessly fled in with used to," went on the Ghost of the Old Fashioned Girl; "the modern ways of served to show the exquisite beauty of time or the opportunity. It is all rush the world won't give them either the rush, hurry, and scramble; and I'm sorry to see that the men love them selves better than their sweethearts. In my day it was quite different; men loved their sweethearts better than thembosom, was enough to make the coldest selves!"

"But you had not much liberty in your day, had you?" I asked timidly. "Quite as much as was good for me, now do you like me?"

"Very much!" I answered promptly;

or for any of us, replied the Ghost of the Old-Fashioned Girl. "We stayed in content to make them happy by our and reverie, it seemed to me as though the sparkling reflection of the fire on its cushions looked like the bright waves of a woman's hair.

All at cuce I jumped up quite startled—some one laughed!—yes, laughed—ome one laughed!—yes, laughed—gutte clcrs to me,—and a very pretty rippling laugh it was. My heart beat quickly—yet scarcely with alarm so mands as surprise.

I listened attentively—and again the surely laughed attentively—and again the surely—surely it came from—yes!—from the Sedan-Chair!

I looked hand rubbed my eyes violent—occasion of the fire on its semiled, and drawing out a small fan with delicate mother-of-pearl sticks, unfurled it and put it coquettishly before her face.

"That is what all the gentlemen used to say to me when I went about in this Chair," she observed, "and then they would put their declarations in the liming." I echoed, "You mean"—what is defended by the came from—yes!—from the Sedan-Chair!

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"That is what all the gentlemen used to say to me when I went about in this Chair," she observed, "and then they would put their declarations in the liming."

"In the lining?" I echoed, "You found them they want change and excitement all the gentlemen used to say to me when I went about in this chair." The behave the fire of to-day don't care for all the fire of to-day don't care for all the fire of the fire of to-day don't care for of the chair, "she except the fire of the fire of the form of the chair of the fire of the fire of the form of the fire of the fire

two feet.'

But be patient with me. I admit it is rather a one-sided bargain, as I do all either a door or a wall, and we arranged the talking, and you have to bear with a screen which answered the purpose for much, I agree. But "honest," as the children say, I mean well.

on, profile view, before you read any further or look at these illustrations. Now, be fair with me and stand just hats and very much beflounced skirts, as you are in the habit of doing. If you in which, of course they look fatter are the one woman out of perhaps a and shorter than they would appear hundred who naturally assumes the harmonious positions, I make you my humble apology. If you are standing correctly you can

when erect, rise from your heels without bending your body forward or bending at the waist. No woman with stoop-ing coulders, or with what we call a hollow, caved-in chest, can stand corill not impress the beholder as well, rectly until these defects are remedied. Now, when you stand, as is shown, in The woman who looks well no matter the correct position, you will see that how simply she is dressed is the woman you can rise from your heels without swaying your body forward at the ankles or bending at the waist. Standing, as the illustration shows, incor-I can hear you say, thousands of you, rectly a woman cannot possibly rise "Well, I don't think that I require Mrs. from her heels without swaying or Ayer's instructions to enable me to bending at the walet. This is a test, but there is still an-

Rhubarb Wash for Blond Hair.

where the model could stand against illustration).

All I ask you now to do is to stand wall which you can lean against is bet-before a mirror in your natural posi-ter. A great many women imagine that to stand straight, the head and shoulders must press against the lines of the door or wall as the body, but this is not so.

be against the wall, but the shoulders and head should be free.

If the attitude is correct, a stick or line placed or hung perpendicularly beside your body will show a straight line from the ear to the ankle, passing through the shoulder, the bend of the

arm, the hip and the knee.
You will find that the incorrect pos tion, as illustrated, where the feet, hips, shoulders and head press against the door, renders you uncomfortable.

Your position is uncomfortable because it is out of harmony. In order to attain the correct position keep your heels against the wall, but free the shoulders and head by swaying forward a little. You will then find that your attitude will be at once comfortable and elegant because the poise of the body is perfect. The woman who imagines she is queenly

portance of dress; on the contrary, I Stand against a door or a wall (in the illustration I had no light for a picture fine birds, but all the furbelows and

> And the simplest, well-made and carefully adjusted gown of inexpensive material worn by the woman knows how to walk, who knows how to carry herself, will convey an impression of elegance that textiles and frills alone can never approach.

> > Do not make the mistake of supposing that distinction means affectation o mannerisms.

I do not underestimate the im-

A woman who follows the fashion acommodates herself to its caprices up to certain point, but she never goes so far as to give a vulgar imitation in cheap materials of a mode which depends for its elegance upon the richness of the fabrics employed.

Affectations of walk and carriage, such as we have had most abundantly set before us during the past year, are in atrocious taste. Curlously enough, seems to be a national failing with is. It is the American woman who exaggerates the French model. When I eft America in May the absurdly long pointed front waist was rampant in

then rub the shampoo mixture well into

The liquid whitener for which I give

you a formula is a very good wash for temporarily making the arms and neck

and her shoulders back, as illustrated in recovned women had the round waist; not the slightest sign of a dip was to b seen on any of the well-dressed Frenchwomen. I went to Worth's, Paquin's Callot's and a dozen other of the great dressmaking houses, and when I spoke believe it is a woman's duty to dress as of the fashion in this country of wearwell as her circumstances permit. Ing the long-pointed waist I was in Fine feathers make, in a certain sense, formed that this was purely an Ameri finery on the face of the earth will not of repute would permit a gown to leave give a woman distinction and style if his house with the pointed or "Zaza she does not know how to carry her effect.

A correct poise, standing, sitting of walking, can be acquired. It needs prac tice, but, fortunately, once learned it In order to secure perfect poise of the

body exercises in equilibrium are very useful. There is one particular exercise which have found most effective in giving

suppleness to the body, and it is thus Stand erect and rise slowly on the balls of the feet; keep the body from the nips upward erect; throw the arms backward about a foot and a half; relax the

muscles of the leg; bend the knee and make a quick drop as low as possible. As the body descends let the arms swing downward and forward to help maintain the balance and assist in recovering position. Do not drop to the heels until you are erect.

and it takes a good deal of practice to reach perfection, but it is a very valu-ale movement in teaching equilibrium.

This is a hard movement to execut

To-morrow Mrs. Ayer will tell When I reached Paris I was astonished how to make up the face by the

Amusements.

LIQUID-AIR BLASTING.

Most blasting experiements with liquid

air have proved failures, but the results eem to have been better in recent bridge-building work at Munich, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. Paper cartridges were filled with a spongy as-sorbent and provided with a detonator. When ready for the blast the liquid air was brought to the spot in a vacuumlacketed vessel, and the cartridges were lunged into it until the absorption was thought to be sufficient. The cartridges were then quickly placed and fired by electricity or other means. The effects seemed to equal those of dynamite. Cartridges failing to explode become harmless in fifteen minutes from evaporation of the air.

WHERE WOMAN RULES. In the matter of woman's rights Abveinfa is far ahead of Europe. The house

with all its contents belongs to the wife. and if the husband offends her she turns him out until he is fully repentant and makes amends. when she throws her stomach forward to find that all of the most elegantly aid of cosmetics.

When the soap is dissolved the John St. THE POWER OF THE PRESS, Grand | Stock | Scenic Production by Favorite Stock |

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of honey and rhubarb stalks. Steep in pure ofive oil soap in a quart of boiling Dear Mrs. Ayer:

Kindly tell me how to make and use for twenty-four hours, then strain and the rhubarh wash you mentioned in The the strain and the rhubarh wash you mentioned in The three parts of white wine. Let it stand water. When the soul water, which the soul water, which the soul water. When the soul water, which the soul water, which the soul water. When the soul water, which the soul water, which the soul water, which the soul water. the rhubarb wash you mentioned in The Evening World. I have been using the peroxide, but I do not like it. My hair looks so bleached and I use very little of it. Is the rhubarb wash harmful to the hair? Kindly let me know the quantity and how to use it.

A. C. R. Dear Mrs. Ayer:

The rhubarb wash of mentioned in The Evening World hours, then strain and result will be almost a jelly. Take of this jelly, say, two large tablespoonfuls, and a small lump of common washing soda about the size of a filbert. First were the hair thoroughly with hot water, then rub the shampoo mixture well into

BEAUTY'S TOILET TABLE.

The Latest and Best Recipes.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

Kindly give me a remedy for greasy the roots. Rinse thoroughly in several E. B. The rhubarb wash is not harmful, but you must understand that if you have used peroxide it will be very difficult for you to get satisfactory results from any other preparation until your hair has ounces; eight for the greasy skin: Rose water, 2 ounces; simple tincture of benzoin, 1-2 ounces; my let notice and face.

The routed wash is not harmful, but Kindly give me a remedy for greasy skin. E. B.

Try the lotion for which I give you formula for the greasy skin: Rose water, 2 ounces; simple tincture of benzoin, 1-2 ounces; provided the route of the route water. The notice water water is provided by the route water and face.

The liquid sphitanar for which I give

Ingrowing Eyelashes. of the hair and bleaches it, and nothing but a dye will change the bleached

Dear Mrs. Ayer:

What can I do in order to prevent the hair of my eye lashes from getting into my eyes, which is both painful and annoying. Also kindly give me some formula to increase the growth of the short hairs on the back of my head, so that I may be able to comb them up with the rest of my hair.

You should go to an oculist and have the ingrowing eyelashes removed.

I dissolve the highloride of mercury in

the ingrowing eyelashes removed. I dissolve the bichloride of mercury give you a very excellent formula for a this hot water and add the alcohol. Mix hair lotion, but you ought also to have the zinc and glycerine together in a scalp massage. Make a practice of bowl; pour the larger portion of the brushing the hair up from the back. quart of water in; stir, then add all You will find that the short hairs can be the diluted bichloride of mercury and easily trained. Shampoo your hair at alcohol. Bottle and shake always before

Formula for Shampoo-Melt a cake of soft velvet aponge. COST OF WHITE HOUSE

BUSINESS. Aside from the President's salary and a big man. Upon one occasion he was the expense of keeping the White House introduced to a very tall man who posn repair it costs the Government only sessed and tried hard to live to a repuabout \$65,000 a year to operate the estab. tation as a wit. The wit bowed himself ishment, says the World's Work. Of low with condescending dignity and putsalaries of the thirty men on the execu-tive payroll. These range from the sec- he remarked: "I have often heard of etary to the President, with a salary of you, but have never seen you." To \$5,000 a year, down to messengers and which Roberts replied promptly: "I doorkeepers whose pay is in some in- have often seen you, but I have never stances perhaps one-tenth that sum. The heard of you." remaining \$15,000 defrays all the other expenses-the replacing of wornout office furniture, typewriter repairs, stationer and feed for the half-dozen horses in the White House stables. Of course, the executive office has the benefit of many onomies beyond the reach of the th merchant. For instance, all official mail is franked, saving approximately \$20 a day. Special telegraph and cable rate

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